

SONNET XCIX,

His careful heady with divers thoughts
distressed, My Fancy's Chronicler ! my
Sorrow's Muse ! These watchful eyes,
whose heedless aim I curse ^ Love's Sentinels !
and Fountains of Unrest ! This tongue still
trembling, Herald fit addressed To my Love's
grief ! (than any torment worse !) This heart,
true Fortress of my spotless love, And rageous
Furnace of my long desire ! Of these, by
Nature, am *I* not possessed (Though Nature,
their first means in me did move) But thou,
dear Sweet ! with thy love's holy fire, My head,
Grief's Anvil made ! with cares oppressed ;
Mine eyes, a Spring ! my tongue, a Leaf wind-
shaken ! My heart ^ a wasteful Wilderness
forsaken !

SONNET C.

PLEADING for pity to my Mistress* eyes ;
Urging on duty favours as deserts ;
Complaining mine hid flames, and secret
smarts: She, with disdainful grace, in jest,
replies, " Her eyes were never made man's
enemies I" Then me with my cpnceit she
overthwarts. Urging my Fancy (which vain
thoughts imparts) To be the causer of mine
injuries, Saying, "I am not vexed, as I
complained! How Melancholy bred this light
conceit!" Hard-hearted Mistress ! Canst thou
think I feigned ? That I, with fancies vaiij, vain
woe repeat? Ah, no! For though thine eyes
none else offend ; Yet by thine Eyes and " Noes
!" my woes want end !